

THE
PERUVIAN;

A
COMIC OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal Covent-Garden;

BY A LADY. K

The MUSIC chiefly Composed by Mr. HOOK.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. BELL, at the British Library, Strand,

MDCCLXXXVI.

[Entered at the STATIONERS HALL.]

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

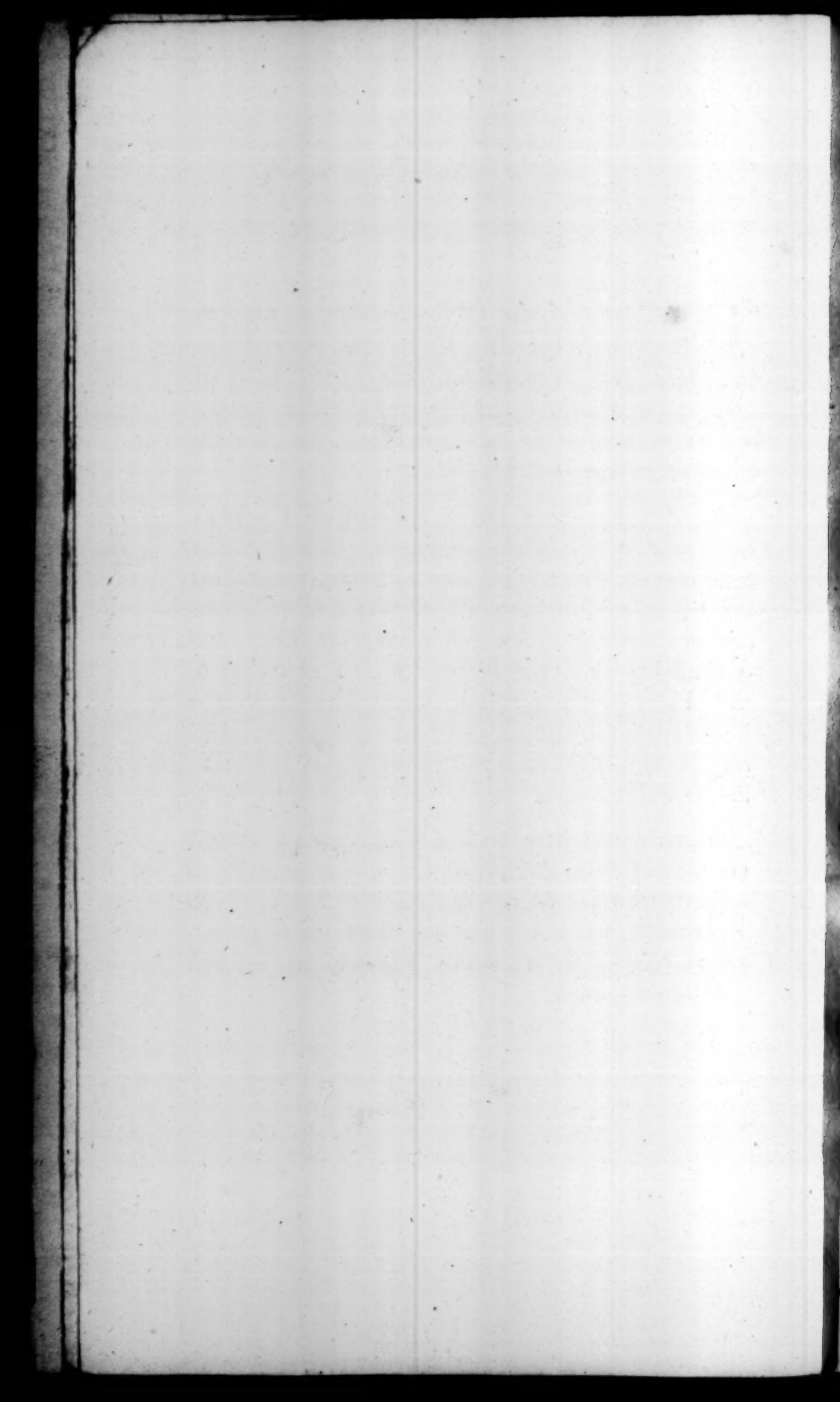


ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT part of the following Opera, wherein Blandford, Belville, Clara, and Coraly are concerned, was founded on *Marmontel's Tale of Coralie, ou L'Amitié a L'Epreuve.*" The Comic Scenes wherewith it is interwoven are merely Children of the Writer's fancy.

As the Author is not a Resident of England, but has been obliged to the Agency of a Friend in bringing her Production on the Stage, the Editor cannot, in gratitude, give it to the Reader, without acknowledging, in her name, the kind and unbiassed favor of the Public, in their reception of it. He likewise returns sincere Thanks to the Performers for their assiduity in the study of their respective Characters, and their spirited exertion in the Performance.

Much might here be said of the excellent vocal abilities of Mrs. *Billington*, but the encomium of a single pen can be very little addition to the high Reputation she has acquired. The loud and repeated Applauses of a whole Theatre, are the best Testimonies of it.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

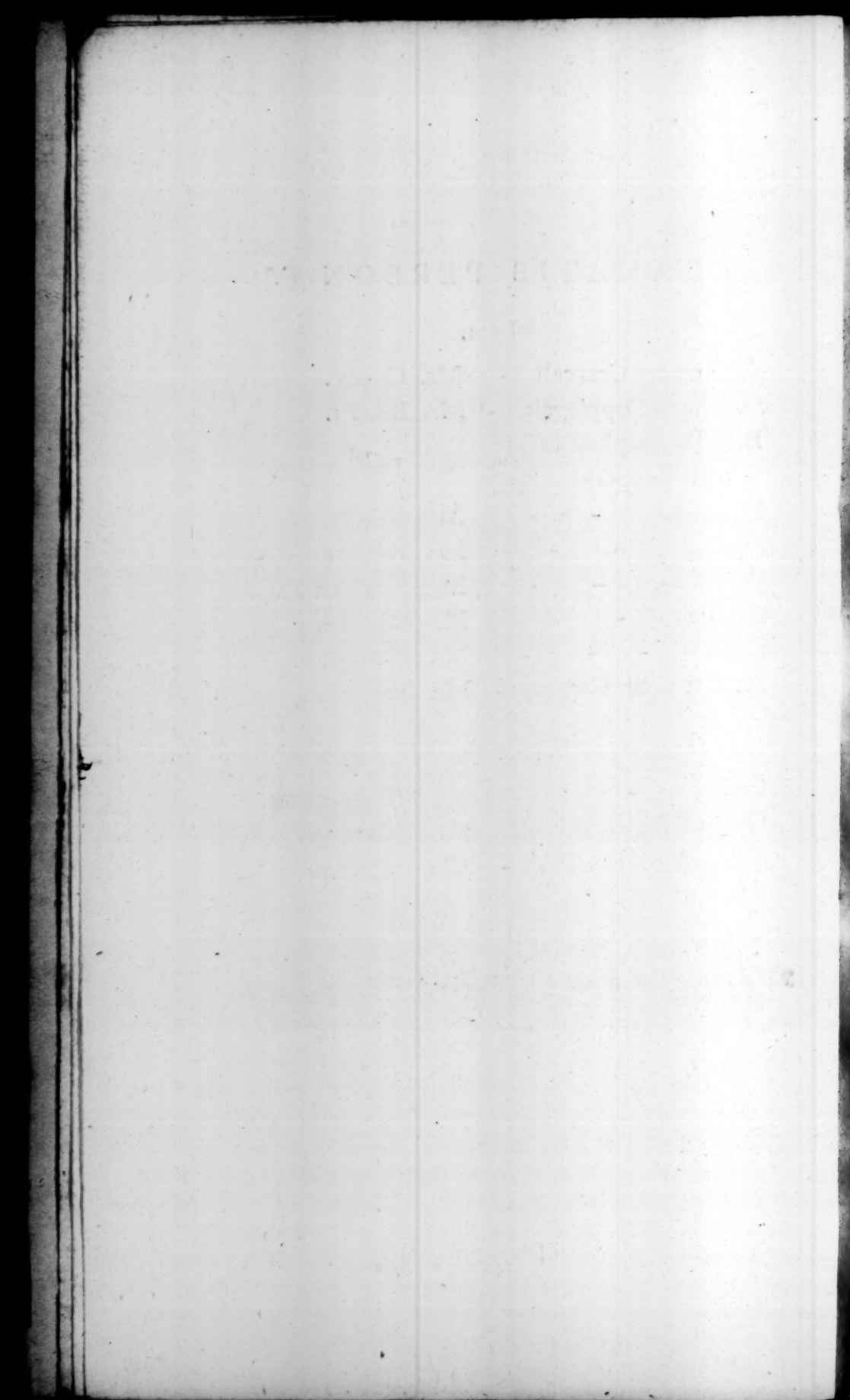
M E N.

Sir Gregory Craveall	-	Mr. QUICK.
Sir Harry Cripplegait	-	Mr. BOOTH.
Belville (nephew to	}	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Sir Gregory)		
Blandford	- -	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Frankly	- -	Mr. PALMER.
Dry	- - -	Mr. EDWIN.
Captain	- -	Mr. DARLEY.
Sailor	- - -	Mr. MEADOWS.
Servant to Sir Gregory	-	Mr. SWORDS.

W O M E N.

Coraly	- -	Mrs. BILLINGTON.
Clara, Sister to Belville		Mrs. MARTYR.
Sufan (Maid to Clara)	-	Mrs. MORTON.

The SCENE lies in the Neighbourhood of PORTSMOUTH.



THE
PERUVIAN.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*A Garden, with a View of the Sea at a small distance.—
The Sun rising and reflected in the Water.*

CORALY and CLARA discovered gathering Flowers at different Parts.

A I R. CORALY.

ARISE, bright Sun, to gild each flower,
Make every mead more gay;
Let pleasure lead each coming hour
Of Henry's natal day.

CLARA *unseen by CORALY echoes*]

Oh Henry!
Oh Henry!

CORALY.

The name is caught by echo; I'll sing again, to hear
the gracious found.

B

II. What

II.

What season is there half so meet
 To hail with tuneful lay,
 As this which brings back blossoms sweet,
 And Henry's natal day?

Dear Henry !

CLARA *as before.*]

Dear Henry !

(*Comes forward.*)

Ha ! ha ! ha !—Well, Coraly, an't I an excellent mimick ?

C O R A L Y.

My dear Clara, is it possible ?—Were you then my faithful echo ?

C L A R A.

Yes, Coraly—and I am certain too, that not a thought has arisen in your breast this morning, but mine has felt some strong resemblance to it.

C O R A L Y.

I doubt it not, Clara, for I have breathed nothing but wishes for your brother's happiness, from the first dawn of this welcome day.

C L A R A.

Those flowers you have been gathering will just assort with mine, to decorate his favourite temple.

C O R A L Y.

You shall have them, Clara—for though I wove this garland for him, I'm sure I should not have courage to present it.

C L A R A.

Why not, my dear Coraly ? You used to find pleasure in offering him any little work of your hands—and you know with what delight he always received it.

C o-

C O R A L Y.

'Tis true, Clara,—but now, instead of that look that speaks the kindness of his soul, he addresses me with an air of such frozen ceremony, that it chills my very heart.

C L A R A.

'Tis because he feels distressed at troubling you even on trifling occasions.—I sometimes feel the same myself; and am ready to blush at the gay alacrity, with which you fly to execute any little wish, I have, by accident, expressed before you.

C O R A L Y.

Is there in the sweet courtesies of real kindness any thing humiliating?—Fear not my being too condescending. Young as I was before I quitted my native America, I was still conscious of the dignity of the noble tribe, from which I sprung.

C L A R A.

I doubt it not, Coraly—and I wou'd have you ever feel it.

C O R A L Y.

Exposed by slavery to the importunate curiosity of some of our Spanish Conquerors, I answered their familiarity with looks of proud disdain,

C L A R A.

But when your captivity was changed by the success of our noble friend, Captain Blandford, you felt no such disdainful sentiments.

C O R A L Y.

For him!—nothing but the liveliest gratitude—though he was my conqueror, he was my deliverer too.—He cheered the parting gleam of my expiring father's life; and for that act may Heaven shed its brightest blessings o'er his numerous days!

B 2

C L A R A.

C L A R A.

When he parted with you, you promised him that not a shade of sorrow should pass even lightly thro' your mind, during his absence.

C O R A L Y.

I did so—and, to insure my fulfilling that promise, he placed me under your's, and your dear brother's protection. Ever since I have been an inhabitant of this sweet retreat, I have felt an irresistible gayety command my every thought; till lately, indeed, that I have found so sudden a coldness in your brother's manners to me---Have you not perceived it?

C L A R A.

To tell you the truth, my dear, I have seen nothing, thought of nothing lately, but the means of releasing myself from my old guardian's kindness;---who by way of consoling me for having forbid the visits of a young lover, is now resolved to force me to receive those of an old one; who is, I hear, ten times more frightful and absurd than himself. But can he suppose I will ever give up the man, for whom I have conceived so meritorious an affection?---O, never!

A I R.

Ne'er doubt my constancy, dear youth!
 My willing heart is your's for ever;
 Thy love shall be repaid with truth,
 For girls are true when lads are clever.

II.

No nymph is cold when merit sues,
 The man of worth is lov'd for ever;
 Persuasion smiles whene'er he woes,
 For girls are kind when lads are clever.

III. Of

III.

Of faithless wives the men complain,
At fickle maids they rail for ever ;
The fault's at home, tho' men are vain,
For girls are true when lads are clever.

C O R A L Y.

But tell me, Clara, what can cause the painful emotion
I have lately felt whenever your brother approaches me ?---
I think I love him as well as I love you, Clara.

C L A R A.

Oh, I can readily believe it, Coraly.

C O R A L Y.

And yet I do not feel my heart beat so rapidly, when I
hear the sound of your voice : or, when you look on me,
my cheeks are not tinged with that crimson glow, which
I have always heard was expressive either of shame or
anger.—

C L A R A.

Or love——Take care, Coraly, you do not love him too
well.—

C O R A L Y.

That were impossible.—Have you ever felt such emo-
tions at the approach of Charles Frankly ?

C L A R A.

My dear Coraly, you frighten me with the question—I
—I—I wish I could see him just now ; that I might be
the better able to answer you.—This I know—that I never
perceived such alarming symptoms at the expected approach
of Sir Harry Cripplegait, whom I have just mentioned to
you, and who would have been to pay his devoirs at my feet
last Thursday, but for an unlucky touch of the gout, that
attacked him that morning in his right knee, and has con-
fined him to his room, poor dear, ever since.

C o-

CORALY.

But sure I heard you promise your uncle to receive him this day.

CLARA.

You did so, my dear.—I was wonderfully complying, knowing that he was close prisoner to his gouty chair.—
Ha! ha! ha!

CORALY.

But see he comes.——

CLARA.

Not Sir Harry Cripplegait, I hope!——

CORALY.

Oh no, your brother—he seems immersed in thought—let us salute him with his favorite air, and clear his angel-brow from every gloom,

TRIO. AIR.

CORALY *begins, then CLARA follows, and after her BELVILLE, as he enters.*

I.

The welcome Spring again
In rosy fragrance smiles,
With sparkling Phœbus in her train,
Resumes her sportive wiles.

II. and III.

Sweet are the notes and clear,
When larks with tuneful glee,
Soar from the blossom'd branches fair,
That shed fresh sweets for thee.

BELVILLE.

Who can listen to such sweet syrens, and not wish to be in harmony with their enchanting notes?

C o-

C O R A L Y.

And who can know that this day gave birth to the friend of lowly poverty, to the protector of unguarded innocence, to my dear Clara's brother—without feeling their hearts enliven'd by its rays?

B E L V I L L E.

Sweet little songstresses!—You are too dangerous, when you flatter. (*aside*) Alas! my weakness wants not that additional snare.

C O R A L Y.

Flatter!—what is to flatter?

C L A R A.

'Tis only to cover the imperfections of our friends with a few false jewels; hoping they'll give us double the quantity, in return.

C O R A L Y.

It is then to deceive, and I am unacquainted with it.—The simple birds, when they pour forth their morning notes of praise, at the return of the gladdening sun,—are they supposed to flatter?—Then why should I, in praising you, who brighten all my joys?

B E L V I L L E. (*aside*)

How it grieves me to check the ingenuousness of her sweet nature? I doubt not your sincerity, Coraly;—but remember that, in these countries, decorum often obliges us to be insincere—and will neither permit us to discover to some, how little kindness we feel for them, or to others, how much.

S O N G.

8 P E R U V I A N.

S O N G.

Think not strange, if still you find
Rude those sounds which truth impart,
Though ungentle, not unkind,
Is the language of this heart.

See the rose in sweetness vying
With th' ambrosial breath of morn ;
Is its fragrance less inviting,
Tho' beneath it grows a thorn ?

[Exit Belville.]

C O R A L Y.

How he is changed !—His eyes seemed at once to express severity and tenderness.—Why should he fear to meet my kindness—to call forth my sensibility ? What can be his reason ? My dear Clara, tell me, is there any crime in loving ?

C L A R A.

Yes, Coraly, since you press me to tell you, it may be a crime in you and Henry to love.—You may have observed in your own country, as well as ours, that a woman is destined to the society of one man only, whose choice she is, and by that sacred union the pleasure of loving becomes her favourite duty.

C O R A L Y.

I know that, Clara.—That is what is called marriage.—So that if Henry makes me his choice, loving me, as I love him, its clear that we have each found the natural partner of our hearts.

C L A R A.

Again I must remind you that you are not destined to be Henry's wife.

C O R A L Y.

I apprehend you, Clara ; I'm poor, and Belville is rich.

P E R U V I A N.

9

C L A R A.

You mistake me entirely, my dear Coraly.—

Sir GREGORY CRAVEALL. (within)

Clara!—Why Clara!—

C L A R A.

But we are interrupted, for here comes my uncle, Sir Gregory Famish, and perhaps 'tis a lucky obtrusion; for I am something like himself; I can never argue a point well before breakfast.—Yes, here he comes, hobbling and scolding.—Oh, he's in a precious humour.—Now will he listen to no human creature, but himself.—'Tis well I know how to manage him; I can always wind him up, according to the tone of his appetite.

Enter Sir GREGORY CRAVEALL, with a gouty shoe.

Sir GREGORY.

Why, Clara, child, Clara, what can you mean by keeping me till night-fall waiting for my breakfast?—Tis very hard.

C L A R A.

Sir I—

Sir GREGORY.

I say its hard.—You know my stupid servants never know how to do any thing.

C L A R A.

How should they?—They never stay long enough to learn.

Sir GREGORY.

And you are trying to be as tiresome as any of them—but you shall suffer for it—*(to Coraly)* Not you, my little smiler; *(aside)* Egad she's vastly pretty—she doats on me
C into

into the bargain—so attentive at dinner.—She'll never find out how old I am ; I say she'll never find out I am old, if I keep all young men carefully at a distance.—She has conquer'd me, at last—I say she has conquer'd me, at last.—Well, I shall be better after breakfast, I hope.

C O R A L Y.

Sir, we have been employ'd in hailing the return of your nephew's birth-day.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

My nephew's birth-day !—So much the worse. (*aside*) That only reminds her, I am old enough to be his father, that's hard ; a pretty cause truly, Miss Clara, for keeping me starving—you, and your brother will be the death of me—I say, you'll be the death of me ; in the prime of my youth too.

C L A R A.

Prime of your youth, Sir !

Sir G R E G O R Y.

Did not your brother, to'ther day, just as the dinner was set upon the table, smoaking hot, looking like a picture, I say, did not he chuse that critical opportunity to carry Lord Newgrove over the grounds ; just to see the improvements of three miles at least in extent ?—No, you have neither of you any bowels for your relations.

C O R A L Y.

I am sure, Sir, your appetite lost nothing by waiting.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

I say they have no bowels—How different was it when I was a youngster !—To oblige a friend I was always ready to strain a point.—I remember my first smart fit of the gout was confirmed by indulging the whim of poor old Jeremy Gobble.—The pye was of his own making ; poor Jerry !

S O N G.

S O N G.

I.

Tho' the pye of green-truffles,
 Had split my Pantouffles,
 I ne'er stopt tho' I well knew the worst ;
 Yet the pain in my toe
 Was a terrible foe,
 To the pleasure I took in the crust.
 For a fit of the gout
 I'd scorn to give out,
 Having oft heard the Doctors declare,
 That when once in the feet,
 It is better to eat,
 As the sure means of keeping it there.

II.

With damn'd water gruel,
 Your doctors so cruel,
 Advise me to keek myself low ;
 Yet I cannot refrain,
 Tho' I'm twing'd with the pain,
 So e'en as it comes it must go ;
 To throb it began ill,
 But patience and flannel,
 Got thro' the fatigues of the day ;
 And while I was able,
 To sit at the table,
 I eat, drank, and swore it away.
 Tho' the Pye, &c.

As for that stripling, Captain Frankly, he shall never enter my doors—he has no taste above boiled beef—nothing of the man of fashion about him.—I say, he shall never enter my doors.

C L A R A.

His servant has the only true receipt for a Spanish Oglio.—What a pity!

Sir GREGORY.

I'll hire the fellow myself.---But his master comes no more curvetting here---nor any other smock-faced youth, if I can keep them off.---I hate young men. (*aside*) They put old fellows quite out of countenance.

CORALY.

Bless me! how can you hate young men?---I am sure, I don't!

Sir GREGORY.

That's hard---young women are much prettier company for you---I say they are prettier company.

CORALY.

But then the young women are never half so agreeable, when the young men are not by.

Sir GREGORY.

Much prettier company, young women, I say.---But it's not wholesome to argue fasting. [*Breakfast bell rings.* Hush! I hear the breakfast bell.---That's always music to my ear.---Come, it's fitter for you to mind, than hailing a young fellow's birth-day.

G L E E.

CLARA and CORALY.

Can the delights of feasting,
Or pleasure aught so fleeting,
E'er be compar'd with greeting
The fav'rite of your heart?
No, no, 'twill ne'er such bliss impart.

Sir GREGORY.

Sweet the delights of feasting,
Talk not to me of greeting
Toys which we know are fleeting,
The fav'rite of your heart.
No, no, 'twill ne'er such bliss impart.

[*Exeunt.*

As

As they go off, Captain FRANKLY appears at the Side Scene.

Captain FRANKLY.

Hist, Clara, hist!

[*CLARA disengages herself from her Uncle, and remains with Captain FRANKLY.*]

My dear Clara, this stolen moment is worth a century.

C L A R A.

How did you get in, after my uncle had given such strict orders you should not be admitted?

Captain FRANKLY.

Nay, I know not—I had a thousand difficulties to encounter; but he is neither a Lover nor a Soldier, whose spirit does not rise from opposition.

C L A R A.

I am glad you are so ready at overcoming difficulties, for I am surrounded with them.

Captain FRANKLY.

So much the better for Love's triumph.

C L A R A.

In the first place, my uncle has forbid my seeing you.—Bless me! what did I say?—I did not mean *that* for one of them.—But I'm so hurry'd, I don't know what I'm saying.—The greatest distress of all is, that I have been obliged to promise my uncle to receive a visit from Sir Harry Cripplegait this very day, and if you don't bring me out of the scrape, I know not what will become of me; I may be made Lady Cripplegait before I can look about me.

Captain FRANKLY.

Let us fly together, leave this neighbourhood.—My phaeton will quickly transport us out of their reach.

C L A R A.

CLARA.

I should never have courage to step into it.—No, think of some plot that won't require my acting a part in it; for my fears would leave you in the lurch at last.

Captain FRANKLY.

But is it possible Sir Harry can have any serious intention——

CLARA.

Sure, I have had the most gallant billet-doux from him that ever was penn'd by an ancient knight, full of romantic love, tender affection——

Captain FRANKLY.

For *romantic*, pray read *rheumatic*—and for *tender*, read *nervous* affection.—What can your perverse guardian mean by this sudden freak?—But if you are constant——

[Kisses her hand.

CLARA.

No more of that, if you please, not a word more.—I hear my uncle's cough—quick, hide yourself behind that bush.—What shall I do? he is coming down that walk; you will surely be discovered.

Sir GREGORY puts in his head while he sings.

T R I O.

Sir GREGORY. Clara, are you coming?

CLARA. Yea, yea, yea.

Surely never was there an
Old man half so craving!

Capt. FRANK. Clara can you save me? [*Just shewing himself.*

CLARA. No, no, no,

For I fear with anger he'll
Be stark mad and raving.

Sir

P E R U V I A N.

15

Sir GREGORY. Clara, will you starve me? [*Peeping again.*]

CLARA. No, no, no,
If you will but go, Sir, I'll
Quickly follow after. [*Ex. Sir Gregory.*]

Capt. FRANK. Clara, do not leave me.

CLARA. Yea, yea, yea,
Or I surely shall die
Between fright and laughter.

[*Clara runs off.*]

Captain FRANKLY.

She's gone—and here am I left to my own invention to
baffle the plot of the two old knights.—But it's hard if
Love and I together don't prove too hard for them.

A I R.

I.

For her I live, and twenty more
Have sigh'd and sworn the same before,
But ne'er did Cupid hear a vow
So pure, so true as I make now.

II.

'Tis to o'ercome each foe to love,
Seek every means my faith to prove,
And when my heart doth her's obtain,
To court her o'er and o'er again.

Enter SUSAN.

SUSAN.

La, Sir! I wish you were safely gone again—I have
been in such a tremble ever since you got in——

Captain FRANKLY.

What, am I discovered?

SUSAN.

Not quite, Sir.—But I had much ado to persuade Mrs.
Pry, the housekeeper, that you was not a man, when she

looked down the green walk, and saw you kissing Miss Clara's hand.—I swore you was the statue of Mercury, that was blown down in the last storm, and that my mistress was only pitying the ruin.

Captain FRANKLY.

Take this purse, my good Susan, and throw some of its dust in the old woman's eyes, the next time she is so curious.

S U S A N.

Oh, Sir!—I scorn to be paid for obliging my young mistress.

Captain FRANKLY.

Take it, Susan, and oblige me in one thing more.

S U S A N.

Yes, Sir, but pray make haste——

Captain FRANKLY.

Can't you find some opportunity for me to see your mistress again to-day, if it was only for five minutes?

S U S A N.

No indeed, Sir, it is quite impossible.——Sir Gregory Farnish has set his face against all young men, and he's always on the watch (except at meal-time); so that, unless you can make yourself look fifty years older than you are, you had better not shew yourself within these walls.

Captain FRANKLY.

An excellent thought!—why, so I can.

S U S A N.

But sure you would not chuse it?

Captain

Captain FRANKLY.

I would chuse the reality even, if I thought I should gain her by it.

S U S A N.

And that is the very last way you would succeed, I believe.

Captain FRANKLY.

No matter.—But tell me, has your old master ever seen Sir Harry Cripplegait?

S U S A N.

No, never—nor, what's worse, my young mistress neither.—But the snuffy old steward has been here backwards and forwards; and he and Sir Gregory, they say, have almost cooked up a match for Miss Clara.

Captain FRANKLY.

'Tis lucky that same snuffy old steward is in my interest. [*Aside.*] But I will not let Susan into my plot, for fear it should prove too heavy a burthen for her.——At what hour, Susan, is Sir Harry expected here?

S U S A N.

Why, Sir, Mrs. Pry tells me he is to be here at six o'clock precisely.

Captain FRANKLY.

Gallant Sir Harry! you shall certainly win her by proxy before this time to-morrow, if I have any art of persuasion.

S U S A N.

Lord! Sir, don't be so loud!—I hear a step—I'm in such a fright——

D

Captain

Captain FRANKLY.

Which way shall I avoid them?

S U S A N.

That way, Sir—climb over the iron gate—never mind the spikes, and leap the ha! ha! as my dear Jemmy used to do, whenever he could leave his ship to pass an hour with me. *[Exit Capt. Frank.]*

S U S A N *alone.*

Oh! I wish he was come home; it's a long day since I saw his dear merry countenance, and heard the music of his fine rough voice.

A I R.

My heart is glad when Jemmy's come,
Sad when he gangs away;
I love the ship that brings him home,
Far more than fine array.

Enter DRY behind, unperceived.

For there's no lark can sing so sweet,
No lad so blythe and trim;
I'd think life short, was it but meet,
Each day to spend with him.

D R Y, *aside.*

That's a very pretty song, and I suppose it's about me.

S U S A N, *seeing him, starts.*

O La! is it you, Mr. Dry? I thought you were gone home to your old master, Sir Harry Cripplegait, with Miss Clara's answer.

D R Y.

Suppose I waited for her maid's answer, before I took myself away?—What would you say, Mrs. Susan, to my acting a little play of *like Master, like Man*, and of my kneeling

kneeling at your feet, at the same time that Sir Harry Cripplegait lays his crutch at Miss Clara's?

SUSAN, *mimicking*.

What would you say, Mr. Dry, if you ~~were~~ neither of you able to get up again?

DRY.

Why, your pity would raise me, would it not?

SUSAN.

No—I never could find in my heart, somehow, to pity an old man—for any thing but a cough, or the rheumatism, or any natural infirmity.

DRY.

Why, I have a cough, and the rheumatism too, and every natural infirmity the can mention. [*Aside.*] Won't you pity me now, Mrs. Susan?

SUSAN.

No.—

DRY.

And I have a pretty bit of land, with a snug house on it—(only it wants a little repair, like its tenant.) [*Aside.*]—Won't you pity me now, Mrs. Susan?

SUSAN.

No.—

DRY.

And I have buried three wives in my time, and got a good purse with every one of them.—Won't you pity me now, Mrs. Susan?

SUSAN.

What, after burying three wives?—the unconscionable man!

D 2

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune—Have you been to Abingdon?

D R Y.

My first wife was nervous. Heigh ho! heigh ho!
 The second was jealous. Oh ho!
 My last was a dowdy, Oh
 Clumsy and cloudy, Oh,
 None like my present. Heigho! heigh ho!

S U S A N.

I would not for all you are worth, Heigh, Sir! ho, Sir!
 Attend to your nonsense and stuff.
 If three wives did not prove
 Enough for your love,
 You may e'en look elsewhere for a fourth. Heigh ho!

D R Y.

But what shall I do all alone, Heigh! ho!
 When I'm shiv'ring and cold, full of fears?—

S U S A N.

Complain to your wives, that lie under a stone,
 And they'll warm you on both sides your ears, Oh ho!

T O G E T H E R.

They'll warm you on both sides your ears, Oh ho!

D R Y.

Faith, I'll warm you on both sides your ears, Oh ho!

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter BELVILLE and CLARA.

BELVILLE.

Oh, Clara! talk no more of her perfections.—I will fly from the danger.—To-morrow, ere the dawn appears, I will begone, nor trust a moment longer to my weakness.

CLARA.

Let me intreat you not to be too hasty.—You know what our little Peruvian already suffers from your sudden distance of manners to her.—Think then, what she will feel, when you have withdrawn yourself entirely from her sight.

BELVILLE.

But you will give her comfort.

CLARA.

Comfort! my dear Henry, was there ever a girl could be comforted by a friend, for the loss of her lover?

BELVILLE.

Lover! I shudder at the sound—Name it not, Clara—I am but her protector, her friend.

CLARA.

Well, I know you never made a formal profession of love to her.—But if, when you were cultivating the opening virtues of her gentle heart, one little tendril shoot of graceful love had involuntarily twined itself around the other branches, would you have wished to weed it quite away?

BELVILLE.

I would have plucked it, like a destructive briar, from her heart, and left its native sweetness to grow without a thorn.

A I R.

A I R.

C L A R A.

I.

But can you wound that gentle heart,
That beats with love for you?
Ah! will you pierce with sorrow's dart
A soul so pure and true?

II.

Oppress'd with constant tears and sighs,
Her loss you'll surely mourn;
O'ercharg'd with rain, the primrose dies,
Nor waits the sun's return.

B E L V I L L E.

Do you not know the terms on which the noble Blandford consigned her to my care?—Did he not say, that in my friendship, and her love, he looked for the reward of all his toils? Shall I then rob him of both at once, and seize the hour of unsuspecting confidence, to make him bankrupt?

C L A R A.

But why do you not more frequently remind her of her engagements to Blandford?

B E L V I L L E.

You know, that Blandford wished not to enslave her heart; he desired to win, not to command, her affections.

C L A R A.

And could your friend really expect, that two congenial souls, like yours, should have a constant intercourse of endearing kindnesses, without feeling the least tenderness for each other?

B E L V I L L E.

BELVILLE.

No, Clara; though my heart should break in the conflict, I will repress every rising sentiment of love for the too captivating Coraly.—I will with sternness check every emotion of tenderness she discovers towards me—then shall I be able to look upon my friend, and not with downcast eyes, or with affected gladness, welcome his return.

CLARA.

All I intreat of you is, to try what effect the idea of your departure will have on Coraly, before you put your plan in execution.—I see her now approaching.—Try to reconcile her to the thought.

BELVILLE.

I cannot stand the force of her apprehensive questions—her ingenuous remarks.

CLARA.

Leave it then to me.—Do you preserve a perfect gravity and air of sadness, and I will affect the same.

BELVILLE.

Mine will not be assumed.

Enter CORALY.

CORALY.

How is this? Belville in one corner, and Clara in another, and both looking sorrowful!

CLARA.

We have cause to be so, Coraly.

CORALY.

Then so have I.—This heart, which has shared all your pleasures, shall ever be open to partake your sorrows.—Tell me, dear Clara, what afflicts you?

CLARA,

CLARA.

We have formed a resolution, which is painful to us both—but it is necessary.—It is, to separate—Henry will live in one house, and I in another—and we shall seldom meet.

CORALLY.

'Tis I, alas! that am the cause of this separation!—You are each of you jealous of the attention I steal from the other.—You lived happily before I came to you—but I am a restraint on your conversation.

CLARA.

You must not think so, Coraly—it is our choice to live asunder.

CORALY.

No, 'tis I that have brought sorrow into the mansion of peace—wretched orphan as I am!—But I will go.—Restore me to my native land, I will there find hearts to pity and receive me.

CLARA.

But you forget you are a trust committed to our care.

CORALY.

I am free.—In this blest land of liberty, I have the power over my own actions.—Alas! wherefore should I stay?—To plant new thorns in those bosoms I so long have leaned upon?—[*Turning to Belville.*]—Yet, Henry, indulge me in this last request. [*Takes his hand.*] Swear to your sister, that you will love her, when I am gone, as tenderly as you did before you saw me.—I must not, will not disunite you. [*Joining their hands.*] No, let me rather pine in absence from you both, than be the cause of your parting.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

The lowly violet in the dale
Its fragrance sheds around ;
Unnotic'd by the passing gale,
It withers on the ground.

II.

But cherish'd by some soft'ring care,
Transplanted to some richer soil,
Its purer sweets perfume the air,
Its brighter tints repay each toil.

III.

" In me that bending flow'r retrace,
" Whose heart would own each care;
" And grateful pay the brightest grace
" Your kindness planted there.

IV.

" But, robb'd of your sustaining aid,
" Each bud will soon decay ;
" Like flow'rs which ne'er had left the shade,
" Or felt the warmth of day."

BELVILLE.

I am resolv'd to go. [*Turning to Coraly.*] But you must
not think of leaving Clara.

CORALY.

But you must not go.

BELVILLE.

Indeed, I must.

E

CLARA.

CLARA.

You know, till Captain Blandford's return, you have no other friend to receive you.

CORALY.

I have, indeed, no home!—[*Aside.*]—But I'm resolv'd to seek one.

Enter Sir GREGORY FAMISH, from the top of the Stage.

Sir GREGORY.

I guessed I should find you all together, plotting and caballing!—You are just like Parson Scuttle's family, always running after one another—as inseparable as ham and chickens, or palates and coxcombs.—What, all struck dumb at my approach!—Well, I shall find a way to make you speak, I warrant you.—I have separate business with you all.—[*To Clara.*] With you, of the first importance. [*To Belville.*] With you, of the very last. [*To Coraly, in a whisper.*] And with you, my little partridge, of the tenderest.

CLARA.

Sir, we will attend you presently.—But——

Sir GREGORY.

I say, I guessed I should find you together.—Always some secret business, some profound nothing—like Doctor Dumb-shew.—I hate mystery—I like to tell my mind, and to know every body else's.

QUARTETTO.

Q U A R T E T T O.

Sir GREGORY.

What is there so vastly witty
Can for ever thus engage you,
Gathering all like a committee
In a rookery 'midst the trees?

CLARA.

Sweet compliance with thee dwelling,
Strange it is we should avoid thee;
Thou in kindness so excelling,
We thy absence seek for ease.

BELVILLE.

Must we ever arm our will
'Gainst the fix'd decrees of fate?
Must tyrannic prudence still
Resist each charm that's form'd to please?

CORALY.

Were I on the ocean cast,
Like some wretched bark forlorn,
Some friendly port I'd find at last,
'Midst adverse winds, and raging seas.

ALTOGETHER.

Amidst the trees,

CLARA.

We seek for ease,

BELVILLE.

That's form'd to please,

CORALY.

And raging seas.

END OF THE FIRST ACT,

ACT

A C T II.

Capt. FRANKLY and DRY discovered.

Captain FRANKLY.

ALL your scruples I'll answer in one word,---You shall make your own terms.

D R Y.

Nobody understands that better---I am famous for drawing up articles.---My second wife was the relict of an Attorney, and I pick'd up a pretty smattering of the law with her.---Rest her spirit ! She was a special pleader !

Captain FRANKLY.

Then if you will favor my disguise this day with Sir Gregory, you shall have that little estate we have been talking of upon easy terms.

D R Y.

Why there's no man more ready than I am to oblige a friend, upon easy terms---but still my old master---

Captain FRANKLY.

It lies so snug by your little farm---

D R Y.

Close beside it---just like man and wife---'tis a pity they shou'd not be made one ! But shou'd you gain the young lady by this plot, my poor master will never recover his disappointment.

Captain FRANKLY.

But what wou'd your poor old master be the better, if he was to gain her himself? or you either?

D R Y.

D R Y.

Very true, if he was to marry Miss Belville, he would be just where he is, and so should I too—none of us would be the better for it.—But then if poor Sir Harry should die of the fretting.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Why then he'll be out of his pain.

D R Y.

Ay, but consider my obligations to him—thirty years in his service—well paid, fed, and cloathed—every thing left to my management.—

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Consider his obligations to you, Mr. Dry.—Thirty years of your life wear and tear in his service.—

D R Y.

Ay, and trying to make the most of every thing.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

That you may say, Mr. Dry.—So let us now conclude our treaty.—Accommodate me for this day with an entire suit of your master's—wig and all—carry me in due form to Sir Gregory's—and if my scheme meets with success, your kindness shall be rewarded with the full possession of the estate in question, without any fine or condition.—

D R Y.

Very doubtful security—if my reward is to depend on your success.—

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Come—never let's differ about terms—it shall be your's for the tryal.

D R Y.

D R Y.

Ay that's something like a reasonable agreement.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Now then may I command Sir Harry's wardrobe?

D R Y.

Wig and all—but your choice there will not be much puzzled—for as great a beau as he is, he has been always true to his colour, but you'll remember his little particularities—for though Sir Gregory has never seen him, he is acquainted with them all.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Oh, never fear me—I am excellent at a limp, and as to his eye, you know a black patch sets both on an equality.

D R Y.

Then remember your nervous system must be quite deranged.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Oh, from top to toe—"tremblingly alive all o'er."

D R Y.

Ay, ay, I see you are well qualified for the part—so while I am unpapering the gold frogs, and buttons, you can be—

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Signing and sealing our little compact.

D R Y *Sings.*

Pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings, I
Have at my fingers end,
And how to sell and how to buy,
To borrow or to lend ;

But

But this since I felt birch at school,
 My pate has ran upon,
Addition be my golden rule;
 Ha! *Dot* and carry one.

II.

At loss and gain a scholar good,
 Full early was I taught;
 To *gain* of guineas all I cou'd
 To *lose* the devil a groat.

At fractions and divisions when
 Hard knocks were laying on,
Subtraction was my practice then,
 Ha! *dot* and carry one,

III.

But words no more I'll numerate,
 And thus sum total lies;
 Of terms I'll not an acre bate,
Reduction I despise.

And since cockade and roguish eye
 Miss Clara's heart has won,
 If you're resolved to multiply,
 Ha! *dot* and carry one.

Enter C O R A L Y.

I dread to go, yet am impatient to be gone—Where'ere
 I bend my steps, poverty and dangers await me; but they
 are little in comparison with what I feel at tearing myself
 from this dear spot for ever.—Strangers may be cruel
 but they cannot be unkind—one look and then farewell.

S O N G.

Adieu, dear groves, where many an hour,
 With him I lov'd, I fought the shade!
 Oh may every guardian power
 Shed sweet blessings on his head!
 Yes, where'er on Earth I wander,
 Gracious Powers——
 Shed sweet blessings on his head!

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Sir GREGORY CRAVEALL, with a cup of chocolate
 in his hand—CLARA following.*

Sir GREGORY.

I tell you, Clara, you must and shall see him—so dont
 put me in a passion—it spoils my appetite to be put in a
 passion—I shall lose my dinner by this.

CLARA.

Indeed Sir, you must excuse me.

Sir GREGORY.

What business has a man with nephews and neices?
 One's own children are enough.—If they will come, one
 must bear with them—but to be plagued with another
 man's cargo.—I say I shall lose my dinner by this.—You
 promised to receive Sir Harry's visit this very afternoon,
 and if his ardour hurries him a little before the time, you
 ought to like him the better for that.—I say the better.

CLARA.

I did promise to be sure, Sir; to oblige you. [*aside*]
 hoping he was not able to stir off his old-fashioned chair—
 but I did not know that he was such a nasty, blind——

F

Sir

Sir GREGORY.

He has seen service, to be sure, and a martyr he has been to it.—Government, I hear, has some distant thoughts of rewarding him with an Irish peerage---but after all, if he did part with an eye in the cause of his king and country, why he has the pleasure of reflecting on it now. He could never have disposed of it better—and indeed, I am told, you may see by the one he has left, he had no great loss of its fellow.

CLARA.

A pretty recommendation, truly!

S O N G.

Tho' love, they say, is blind,
His vot'ries need not be so too,
To sparkling eyes he's kind,
But not to blinking sixty-two.

With quivers full he floats, fir,
Round youth whom passions warm;
But to old age that doats, fir,
He will not lend one charm,

And then he's lame.

Sir GREGORY.

I say he has seen service—his knee-pan suffered a little in the last war, but nobody wou'd know 'twas an artificial one he had got in the place—and if they did, so much the better.—Accidents of this kind prevent any jealousy from rising in a wife's bosom, which young women are so often tormented with; and there's nothing like a squint, or a hitch in the gait, to serve as a protection against the snares of the fair sex.—So, that when you are once married to him, you are sure he's your own for life.—

CLARA,

CLARA.

I positively will not listen to such a——

Sir GREGORY.

Then think of the advantages that will arise to you, to become Lady Cripplegait—the Lady of the oldest Baronet in the county, mistress of Totterdown-Hall, that fine Gothic mansion.---Yes, you shall be mistress of Totterdown-Hall.——

CLARA.

With a sprightly rookery for my neighbourhood, and an amiable scare-crow for my mate.

Enter a SERVANT.

Sir, there's Muster Dry, and a queer sort of a gemment below, desires to see Miss Clara.

CLARA.

Oh Heavens ! what will become of me now ?

Sir GREGORY.

Shew him up---shew the gentlemen up.

SERVANT.

I am afraid the gemment can't get up these stairs, your honor.

Sir GREGORY.

Take this cup away, and bring some white soup---that is---not immediately---not this great while---I say not this quarter of an hour. *[Exit Servant.]*

CLARA.

I positively will not receive his nasty, blind, lame addresses, and I dare say he has a red face into the bargain.

Sir GREGORY. [aside]

I'm afraid I have been a little too strong in my description.—My dear niece, you are my ward, and it is natural for me to wish to see you in a good house of your own, where I might now and then go and have a good dinner with you, and as to the trifling imperfections I have mentioned; if he has a little redness in his face, 'tis only a sign he has lived well.—You may see by me, it makes no great alteration in a man's beauty—I don't think mine was ever much hurt by it; besides it is in the choice a man makes for life, that we always look for youth and beauty.

S O N G.

Tho' time and my bottle have reddened my nose,
The fire yet remains in my eye;
And if I fresh beauties can shew in my spouse,
Who'll care then how faded am I!

Sir GREGORY.

Oh! here they are coming.

CLARA.

I beg, sir, you will excuse me for a few moments.

[Exit Clara.]

Sir GREGORY.

I say, my dear, you will only stay to take some little refreshment.

Enter DRY introducing Captain FRANKLY disguised as Sir HARRY.

Captain FRANKLY.

That will do—that will do—softly—so, so.

DRY.

D R Y.

Sir Gregory—Sir Harry Cripplegait.

Sir G R E G O R Y. (coming forward)

Sir Harry, I kiss your hand; 'tis an honor I have long wished for.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Sir Gregory your's to the ground, though that is rather troublesome.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

Chairs—set chairs—an elbow-chair for Sir Harry.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

I thank you Sir Gregory—I had rather stand—I can lean on Dry here—he is my best support—but where is the young lady, Sir Gregory? I shall never keep up my disguise with Clara. [*aside*]

Sir G R E G O R Y.

I say, 'tis natural for a simple girl to be fluttered a little at the unexpected arrival of so gallant a man as Sir Harry Cripplegait.—She was not quite prepared to receive you so suddenly.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Why, Sir, I don't think I should have been able to have made my way here so soon to-day, but for a new medicine of Doctor Magick's, which set me up with a touch.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

And how is your appetite, Sir Harry?

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Tolerably good, Sir Gregory.

Sir

Sir GREGORY.

Ha ! I am rejoiced to hear it—and eating agrees with you ?

Captain FRANKLY.

Amazingly.

Sir GREGORY.

So it does with me.

D R Y.

So it does with me.

Captain FRANKLY.

I acquired my taste for it in Italy.—I was a favorite with all the Cardinals, and the Pope was very partial to me.

Sir GREGORY.

He's damned conceited ! [*aside*]

Captain FRANKLY.

But your niece, Sir Gregory, your charming niece ?

Sir GREGORY.

She'll never endure him.—[*aside*]

Captain FRANKLY.

I'm all love and impatience, delay is death to my hopes.—Your consent, Sir Gregory.

Sir GREGORY.

My consent, Sir Harry, is most heartily your's if you can but prevail with my niece, but there's no answering what perverse turn she may take, when she sees you ; I wish you were married to her with all my heart. [*aside*] My proposal for the little Peruvian will come with a good grace after this match. I'll go and bring her to you, Sir

Harry—Do what you can with her.—[*aside*] He'll be a fine foil for me. I say I'll go and bring Clara to you;—that won't be so civil neither;—here, Robert, desire Miss Belville to walk here;—but before she comes, I've a great mind to tell you a secret.

Captain FRANKLY.

What?

Sir GREGORY.

Dry knows it.

Captain FRANKLY.

I guess it.

Sir GREGORY.

No, you don't sure.—What, do I look like it?—I say like a man in love!

Captain FRANKLY.

Over head and ears, don't be, Dry.

D R Y.

Wig and all.

Sir GREGORY.

You have guessed it, I'll be married when you are, so make haste.

Captain FRANKLY.

Gain'd the consent of parties?

Sir GREGORY.

As much as you have—all but the girl's—I have a mind to employ Dry for that, he succeeded so well for you.

Captain FRANKLY.

You can't have a better agent.

D R Y.

D R Y.

No better ! I understand these things.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

He put your best foot foremost for you, I assure you, Sir Harry—matters would never have come to such a speedy conclusion without him.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Never, Sir Gregory, he was my director, my guide ; I shou'd not have been here to day but for him.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

I dare say not ;—I don't believe you would have been ever admitted.

Enter CLARA with her eyes cast down.—[*Exit Dry.*

Sir G R E G O R Y.

Here she comes.—[*aside*] I hope she won't be frightened.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

I am all agitation.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

Compose your features, dear sir, if you can.—Clara, my dear, this is the gentleman, I have told you so much, and so often about, and who wishes to pay his addresses to you.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

I am too happy in having been the subject of conversation to so elegant a creature.—Permit, madam, one gentle salute.

Sir

Sir GREGORY.

Clara, my dear, look up in the gentleman's face.

At the moment she raises her Eyes, the Captain puts his patch aside, and discovers himself to her.

CLARA.

Oh Heavens ! is it possible ?

Captain FRANKLY.

My adored girl, don't be alarmed. [*aside*]

Sir GREGORY.

My dear Sir Harry, how could you be so unguarded ?
—you turned your black patch too full upon her.

Captain FRANKLY.

~~I~~ was to blame, Sir Gregory, but love threw me quite
off my guard ; she is recovering her spirits.

Sir GREGORY.

Do get at t'other side of her before she looks up again.
[*aside*] She'll never bear that side of him again as long
as she lives ; well, I'll leave you together---you'll have no
objection, Sir Harry.

Captain FRANKLY.

Not the least.

Sir GREGORY.

I say no objection.---I'll go and consult Dry about
that little matter I told you of. [*whispering*]

Captain FRANKLY.

Pray, do, lose no time.

G

Sir

Sir GREGORY.

Not a word of it to Clara.--I intend to surprise her.

Captain FRANKLY.

Not a word.

Sir GREGORY.

I say you'll not make a long courtship of it ; make the most of your time, you know my reasons.

Captain FRANKLY.

I wou'd not wish to delay a moment, on my own account, as well as your's.

Sir GREGORY.

Right--I say, you know my reasons---we'll make a double match of it.

Captain FRANKLY.

Certainly.

[Exit Sir Gregory.

Captain looks after him awhile, then shuts the Door and throws off his disguise.

Captain FRANKLY.

My dear Clara, can you endure to look at me, after the frightful disguise I assumed to obtain this happiness ?

CLARA.

Can I believe my sight and hearing ?---I will frankly own to you, I never was so glad to see you in my life before ; this sudden transformation ensures your welcome.

Captain FRANKLY.

Then I am amply repaid for all my pains.

CLARA.

C L A R A.

But are you really the tremendous Sir Harry Cripple-gait, I have so long dreaded.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Oh, no! I wish I could make him vanish as quickly as his borrowed drefs.---He'll be here this evening at the hour he first appointed; but if you will be as kind to my hopes, as your uncle already has been favourable to my scheme, I hope to be able to keep him at a distance, till I have made you and happiness securely mine.

C L A R A.

What can I say? A rescue from such distress deserves my warmest gratitude.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

I will not be content with less than the warmest love; gratitude I cannot claim for an act, in which my own happiness was so deeply concerned.

C L A R A.

You know I am not fond of making distant promises.

A I R.

Do not press me to reveal
What my blushes fain would hide,
At dawn of day no warmth we feel,
Tho' Sun-shine-hope decks all with pride;
Wait but a while,
Perchance a smile,
May reward your every toil,

Yet do not thou my silence blame,
 The heart that can it's love explain,
 Should only boast a painted flame,
 Without the shades of joy or pain.
 Do not press me, &c.

Sir GREGORY. [*within*]

Clara, I say, I want to speak with you child?

Captain FRANKLY.

Oh Heavens! I shall be discovered.

CLARA.

You'll never have time to put on your disguise, that middle door leads to the garden, carry your dress there.

Sir GREGORY. [*within*]

Why don't you answer, Clara?

CLARA.

Oh Lud, you've forgot your wig!

Captain FRANKLY.

Now I'm complete.

[*Exit Captain, centre door.*]

Sir GREGORY. [*entering*]

What is she fainting still, Sir Harry?

CLARA. [*going to meet him*]

Pray Sir, walk in; what is the matter?

Sir GREGORY. [*throwing himself on a Sopha.*]

I never shall recover it, never---I say never---I see I must lose my dinner to-day---but where is Sir Harry? what have you done with him?

CLARA.

C L A R A.

He is just gone to refresh himself with the air of the garden.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

Ay! how the plague did he make his way down? I wish I had some little refreshment myself---'tis I that want it most---I say---I hope you did not affront him, child.

Enter BELVILLE in haste.

B E L V I L L E.

Well, Sir, have you received any intelligence?

Sir G R E G O R Y.

Not I child---not I.

C L A R A.'

Of what? Of whom?

B E L V I L L E.

Of Coraly, do you not know she's gone?---fled?

Sir G R E G O R Y.

They say for ever.

B E L V I L L E.

Distraction!

C L A R A.

Distraction indeed!

Sir

PERUVIAN.

Sir GREGORY.

I say, distraction.---I have more cause to regret her, than any one else---but that's no matter---I say, no matter, now.

Enter a Servant, who gives a letter to Sir GREGORY.

BELVILLE.

Oh Coraly, I thought myself completely wretched when I resolved to tear myself from you, but this your unexpected flight has added tenfold bitterness to every pang; how shall I look on Blandford at his return?

A I R.

I.

Farewell the delights, the soft moments of joy,
When charm'd with her graces I dwelt on her praise;
Her smiles have undone me, her beauty destroys,
And kills the delight that true friendship cou'd raise.
As a friend I admir'd, as a friend I approv'd,
But knew not, alas! 'till too late that I lov'd.

II.

Be hush'd, my fond bosom, the conflict is o'er,
Let pity and friendship assuage thy sad sighs,
Soft pity inspires the maid I adore,
The friend must forgive the fond lover that dies.
As a friend I admir'd. &c. &c.

A

Sir

Sir GREGORY.

Here, Henry, here's brave news for you, however, your friend is arrived, and will be with us in less than an hour.

BELVILLE.

Who? What?

Sir GREGORY.

Who? why your Pylades, or your Orestes, I don't know which; your Blandford; this letter will tell you more.

BELVILLE.

Oh! Blandford! why does not my heart bound with it's wonted joy at your return? [*reads the letter.*]

CLARA.

How unfortunate his coming at this moment!

Sir GREGORY.

I suppose he is now in the harbour. (*aside*) I was in hopes our wedding might have been over before he arrived. Poor thing! Why was I so backward with her?

BELVILLE.

Get my horses ready.

Sir GREGORY.

If she is not found, I shall never eat another hearty meal.

[*Exit Sir Gregory and Clara.*]

BEL-

BELVILLE.

But if I should fail in my pursuit, adieu to every peaceful thought for ever !

SCENE *changes to the Sea-shore.*

Several ships in distant view.——A table surrounded by Sailors and Captain.

G L E E.

With a heart full of glee, and his purse amply lin'
 The brisk sprightly Tar leaps ashore,
 His toils and his cares to the winds are consign'd,
 He thinks on past dangers no more ;
 His heart in the maxims of prudence unskil'd,
 He devotes to his mistress and friend,
 With mirth, love and glory his hours are fill'd,
 And he dances through life to the end.

CAPTAIN.

Well, my lads, are you all ready to go on board ? If this wind lasts we shall clear the land before morning.

SAILOR.

The sooner the better, Captain.——I hate the sight of land when my pockets are empty ; and I hope to raise the wind among the Dons before we return.

CAPTAIN.

But what's become of our little Peruvian passenger ? run, holdfast, and bring her to me. [*Exit a Sailor.*] I must not suffer her to wander about here ; her uncommon dress and beauty, might attract the notice of the populace.

S A I-

SAILOR.

Now, mayhap, Captain, you'll take offence at what I am going to say—but if you do, mayhap, I cant help it; but to speak plain, I dont much like your taking this girl on board—if we meet an enemy, what shall we do with her?

CAPTAIN.

We'll send her down below; she'll be safe there.

SAILOR.

Ah! we Sailors never think of ourselves in battle, and that's the reason, mayhap, why we fight so well—but if you should chance, in the heat of action, to recollect the danger into which you had brought this little innocent girl, mayhap, every flash from the enemy's guns would make your heart ach, Captain.

CAPTAIN.

Be not under any apprehensions on that account; we are only a Letter of Marque, you know, and shall not look for the enemy, 'till we have delivered our cargo at the Brazils, where I shall put our fair passenger on shore—as she will find no difficulty in passing from thence to any part of the Southern Continent, which, she informs me, is her native country; I confess I did not wish to take her on board at first, but she implored me in such moving accents, that I had not the heart to refuse her.

H

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

A Sailor's heart to nature true,
 Could ne'er unmov'd hear beauty sue,
 But kindly he'd protect her;
 Unlike those Fops so spruce and neat,
 Who court each beauty that they meet,
 And in distress neglect her.

II.

Enervate souls no dangers brave,
 They never seek the joys to save
 A friend or foe distress;
 Soft pity, which the brave disarms,
 From selfish hearts conceals her charms,
 Her throne the dauntless breast.

Enter CORALY.

CAPTAIN.

Welcome again, my little prize—I began to fear we had lost you.

CORALY.

Indeed, Captain I am no prize, I am very poor, and I much fear it will never be in my power to make you any recompence for your goodness in taking me on board.

CAPTAIN.

Chear up your spirits, my little friend, I want no recompence.

S A I-

SAILOR. (*aside*)

I see the Captain likes a pretty girl, as well as e'er a lad in the ship.

CORALY.

Pray inform me, Sir, how long we may expect to be on our voyage?

CAPTAIN.

You will not think it long, I hope—we will endeavour to make it pass merrily with you.

CORALY.

Merrily! alas! that will be impossible.

CAPTAIN.

You shall be under no restraint, my little innocent, our's is the law of kindness. Bring to our boat, Skirmish, and row us merrily to the Lovely Peggy. You seem to resist, (*to Coraly*)—you are about as constant as the wind—an hour ago you were for not waiting for wind or tide, and now that both serve——

CORALY.

What will become of me? A moment's patience (*to the Captain.*) Have pity on my weakness gracious Heaven! protect my innocence! grant me courage to support this trial!

A I R.

I.

Oh! why should fair virtue require
The trials I'm destin'd to prove;
In vain would I coldly admire,
And Henry forbids me to love.

H 2

II. I will

II.

I will strive to forget all that's past,
 I'll fly from this dangerous clime ;
 Lest the sun of his days be o'er-cast,
 By the shadows that hang upon mine.

III.

Adieu then thou fresh planted bow'r,
 Kind friendship thy charms shall protect,
 Whose remembrance, when I am no more,
 Shall save thy fair form from neglect.

IV.

Dear Clara thy beauties shall court,
 Nor Henry behold without pain,
 That the woodbine depriv'd of support,
 Has not strength it's own weight to sustain.

To him] Now lead me to your vessel.

CAPTAIN.

But who are these making to shore?

A Boat is seen Rowing to Shore—frequent shouts of joy—in the midst of these acclamations BLANDFORD is rowed in, through ranks of Sailors. The two friends rush into each others arms.

BLANDFORD.

My Coraly ! has she too come forth to meet me ? [*kisses her*] This moment were cheaply purchased with an age of pain.

C o-

C O R A L Y.

It is too much.—[*Bursts into tears.*]

B E L V I L L E.

Her sensibility overcomes her.

B L A N D F O R D.

Dear, interesting girl ! But surely, Belville, your looks are strangely altered ; your agitation seems to surpass mine ; yet your joy cannot be so great.—I meet a world of friends, while you receive but one.

B E L V I L L E.

I am not the only person who has suffered some change in your absence ; your little charge, Coraly, is something altered—the air of our climate is, perhaps, unfavourable to her.

B L A N D F O R D.

Oh Belville ! what thanks have I to give you for your tender care of such a treasure ? but how shall I ever repay your kindness in preserving her attachment to me ?

C A P T A I N [*coming forward to Coraly*]

Come, my fair passenger, are you ready now to embark ?

B L A N D F O R D.

Whither is she going ? Belville ! What can this mean ?

B E L V I L L E.

There is some mistake in this ! I will endeavour to explain it. Captain give me leave.—[*speaks apart to the Captain*]

G L E E.

G L E E.

Pure is the joy, the bliss how sweet,
Succeeding anxious hopes and fears,
After long absence, thus to meet,
Thus to behold a friend sincere !
Tears that sparkle in the eye,
Speak the soft rapture of the heart ;
O ! the delight, the sweet surprize,
When thus we meet, no more to part !

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A C T III.

Enter BELVILLE and CORALY.

C O R A L Y. .

YES, Henry, I am returned; but to what? To greater misery than I knew before.—You tell me you must no longer be the first object of my attention—that I must shun your beloved sight.—Alas! where shall I gain strength thus to conquer my very nature?

B E L V I L L E.

It is not strength, Coraly; 'tis the fortitude of virtue you require.

C O R A L Y.

My fortitude can bear up against adversity.—But is there any to repel the force of love?

S O N G.

I.

Oh, canst thou then behold unmov'd
This heart so torn, once so lov'd?
Each plaintive strain
Is breath'd in vain:
Ah! where's that kindness I so oft have prov'd?

II.

Vanished every pleasing grace,
That once sat smiling on this face;
Then let the stream of woe
Adown this cheek still flow,
Till time shall mem'ry quite efface.

B E L V I L L E.

BELVILLE.

Still more cruel, Coraly! if you love me, save me from myself—from remorse, that must embitter the days it helps to shorten.

CORALY.

Oh, tell me how!—I would lay down my life to save you.

BELVILLE.

You know the friendship that subsists between Blandford and me?

CORALY.

I do—and wish it long to last.

BELVILLE.

He was your deliverer—the guardian of your innocence—and in loving you, deserves to be beloved again.

CORALY.

I reverence him as a parent—I respect Blandford.—But I love Belville.

BELVILLE.

To me he confided the care of his dearer half; and now he expects his return to be blest'd with making you his bride.

CORALY.

Is this then the great obstacle that must separate my heart from yours? It is quickly removed; for never, I swear to you, Henry, never will I be the wife of Blandford.

BELVILLE.

Are you then resolved to make him wretched?

CORALY.

I am resolved not to deceive.—Were I to give my hand to Blandford, my heart would still be yours.—Should I then be worthy of Blandford's tenderness?

BELVILLE.

Your heart would still have been his, had I not usurped his place therein.—“The guardian of it, is become the
“spoiler.—The thought of having robbed him of his
“dearest blessing fills me with horror.”

CORALY.

“What have you robbed him of? My heart was free,
“and I had a right to dispose of it.—Blandford never won
“it by such delicate attentions as yours.—His generous
“kindness to me was ever striking—but yours was inte-
“resting.—He is all goodness, you all graciousness.”

BELVILLE.

I have told you the only remedy for the grief I suffer :
if you refuse him that hand, which, but for me, would,
have been freely his—be assured, I shall not survive his
misfortune, and my own remorse ;—our next embrace must
be our last farewell.

CORALY.

Oh do but live, and dispose of me, as you please.

BELVILLE.

I Know the efforts it will cost you—but I have told
you, my life depends on it ; and if that can sooth you, you
will have the consolation of having given me all the little
happiness that can bless the life you have saved.

CORALY.

Enough—that is every thing to me—sacrifice your
victim—conduct her to the altar—she will tremble, but in
trembling will obey.

D U E T T.

Farewell the joys that friendship knows,
Sweet peace you can no more impart ;
No more can calm the trembling woes,
That rend this wounded, wretched heart.

I

Yet

Yet could I soothe thy gentle breast,
 No more at sorrow I'd repine,
 Cheer'd with the thought thy life was blest,
 I'd hide each heartfelt grief of mine.

Enter BLANDFORD.

BLANDFORD:

I am not surpris'd, Coraly, that my friend did not prepare you for the declaration, I have made you of my love.

BELVILLE.

You had enjoined me silence, else I should.

BLANDFORD.

You have satisfied my fullest confidence, my friend—I did not wish the gentle heart of Coraly to be tutored to love for me, but I hoped my every action had been a silent testimony of mine for her.

CORALY.

Yes, Blandford, your kindness has been ever present to me; but can I, without being distressed, listen to so fond an excess of it?

BLANDFORD.

This is a language, Coraly, well suited to the polished manners of Europe—but with me, I would wish you to speak the native language of your heart.—I love you, Coraly—tenderly I love you—but more I love your happiness.—Your misery must ensure mine.

BELVILLE.

She cannot doubt of happiness with Blandford.

CORALY:

I tremble in answering you, from fears as delicate as your own.—While I considered you merely as a friend—a second father, I said to myself, Blandford will be fully

ly gratified with my esteem---my respect.——But when the name of husband is added to such sacred ties, what have you not a right to expect, and how shall this humble heart reward your virtues?

B L A N D F O R D.

That lovely modesty and meekness will amply recompence my best endeavours to deserve you; Belville do you not share my happiness?

B E L V I L L E.

Heaven grant its long continuance!

B L A N D F O R D.

Her dear image followed me through every scene of danger; I taught the name of Coraly to the echos of a new Universe.——Forgive me, Belville, if I sometimes envied you the happiness of her society.

B E L V I L L E.

It was once I never was insensible to.

B L A N D F O R D.

Let us now together enjoy it.——'Twas you, ye dear companions of my heart, that made me feel the true value of life, and, in exposing it, how often have I felt that it was held by strong and tender ties!

A I R.

How bright is the ray that now gilds this fond breast,

Be hush'd all my sorrows, my fears be at rest!

No storms of rude passion this bosom shall know,

But with love's purest fervor it ever shall glow;

While friendship shall heighten each joy it shall share,

As by clear streams reflected, each object's more fair.

I 2

B L A N D-

B L A N D F O R D.

I see your uncle approaching, Belville, can't we avoid his interruption?

C O R A L Y.

I believe he is in search of me—I just now received a message from him—I fear, I must attend him.

B L A N D F O R D.

Let us withdraw to some more retired situation.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir G R E G O R Y.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

I begin to wish I had not sent for Coraly.—I'm plausibly afraid I shant be able to tell her my mind, when she comes.—A man is so awkward at his first essay.—Egad I should have practised the kneeling part pretty often.—A stiffness in the joints is so inconvenient on these occasions—'twould be so unlucky to have a tender sigh turned suddenly into a groan.—Here she comes.—If she does not understand me at once, I shant have a word to say for myself—not a word I say.

Enter C O R A L Y.

C O R A L Y.

Sir, I was told you wished to speak with me.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

Were you? Oh, that's true.—But—I— did not mean to hurry you.

C O R A L Y.

CORALY.

If it was not any thing of much importance, Sir, I will beg of you to excuse me, for I was very particularly engaged. [*going*]

Sir GREGORY.

Stay, fair creature—stay, I say—don't go, for there can be nothing of greater importance that you can be engaged in, than what I have to impart to you—I say, nothing. Hem! You have seen Sir Harry? Eh—your friend Clara's lover.

CORALY.

I have, Sir, had a glimpse of him.

Sir GREGORY.

O, that's enough. He has but one eye, I think.

CORALY.

Poor man!

Sir GREGORY.

Yet she endures him.—Could you?

CORALY.

I fear not, Sir.

Sir GREGORY.

He is not handsome.

CORALY.

Very far from it, indeed.

Sir GREGORY.

Yet she likes him.—Could you—think you?

CORALY.

CORALY.

Not I, indeed.

Sir GREGORY.

He is old enough to be her father—and mine too, I believe.

CORALY.

Really?

Sir GREGORY.

Yet she is desperately in love with him.—Could you?

CORALY.

Impossible!—There are a great many requisites necessary to make me ever endure an ugly old man for my husband.

Sir GREGORY.

I wish I knew what they were.—Would you indulge me?

CORALY.

In the first place, I must have been a long time used to seeing him.

Sir GREGORY.

Ay—as you have been to me. (*aside*) Egad she's coming to the point herself.

CORALY.

I must have known his virtues too.

Sir GREGORY.

(*Aside*) Oh the little flatterer!

CORALY;

C O R A L Y.

I must have seen him practising benevolence daily, feeding the orphan——

S i r G R E G O R Y.

With good things.—(*Aside*) *She means herself.*—— You shan't call yourself an orphan, my little Coraly, you shall no more be helpless.—Do but take me for your help-mate, and, on my knee I swear, I will be father and mother to you—and husband and brother, all in one.

C O R A L Y.

You are too kind, Sir. but 'tis in Captain Blandford I must now look for all these titles.

S i r G R E G O R Y.

Blandford ! He is not of a proper age to fill all those characters to you, at once.—I am his superior in years—and I think I have a right to the preference.—Give me but your consent, and I'll settle the point with him.—He may go and be a ship's husband, if he likes it.

C O R A L Y.

Alas ! Sir, my consent is no longer in my power.—I have already given my promise.

S i r G R E G O R Y.

That's hard—Devilish hard, I say, I'll go and tell him so.—Why would you take such a step without consulting me ?—Who would have thought that the young Sea-Lion would have snapped up my little House-Lamb in such a hurry ?—It is too hard—a great deal too hard.—I wish I had not eaten such a hearty dinner—this will make it lie like a load on my chest.—But I must go and convince him of the absurdity of such a match.

[*Exeunt.*
Captain

Captain FRANKLY and BELVILLE.

Captain FRANKLY.

I declare to you, Belville, not all the romance and enthusiasm I feel for your sister, could have tempted me to steal her from you in this clandestine manner, but that I hoped, in gaining her consent to marry me, I was sure of obtaining yours.

BELVILLE.

You have it most sincerely, Frankly.—You know how highly I prize my sister's worth, and will judge from that, what place you hold in my esteem, when I assure you, that you are, in my mind, the man most deserving of her.—But how you have contrived to manage my uncle, astonishes me.

Captain FRANKLY:

I confess to you, my success has so far exceeded my expectations, that I am astonished at it myself.—But I played my part like a good musician in a concert; sometimes raising and sometime lowering my notes, while Dry took care to fill up the part obliged.

Enter DRY peeping in.

DRY.

Are you alone?—No faith, I'm mistaken.

Captain FRANKLY.

Never fear, Dry.—Sir Gregory is safe in the House-keeper's room at present, and Mr. Belville is in my confidence.

B E L V I L L E.

I presume, Frankly, this is your Gentleman-Usher, on this occasion.

D R Y.

Usher of the black rod you may call me gentlemen, on this occasion, for I come with most doleful news to you.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

What, Sir Harry is not coming, I hope?

D R Y.

No—he is come.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Why, you promised to delay his visit.

D R Y.

I did all I could, in conscience, to prevent it, but he was obstinate—the more I opposed it, the more he would come—so I bribed the Coachman to carry him as fine a round-a-bout way as he could. I could not, for my life, bid him over-turn him.

Captain F R A N K L Y.

Faith he has over-turned me most completely.—Where is your sister, Belville? Direct me how to act.

B E L V I L L E.

Stand your ground, Captain—never fly—you shall have my support at the last, if you require it.

D R Y.

And who will stand my ground, if he does? I'm in a pretty situation, between two masters.

K

Captain

Captain FRANKLY.

You had best not appear till the encounter is over.

Sir GREGORY and CLARA.

Sir GREGORY.

Why, here's a fine piece of work, Sir Harry.—There's a strange sort of a person below, that calls himself by your name, and has desired to pay his respects to me and Clara.—Ha! ha! ha!

CLARA.

What can it mean?—We had best not see him.

Captain FRANKLY.

Some impostor, no doubt—some impostor.

Sir GREGORY.

Oh certainly—some impostor he must be—some discarded lover of Clara's in disguise.—He has been calling for Dry as lustily as if he was his own man.—Ha! ha! ha!

D R Y.

Has he so?—Then I'll answer him, I warrant you, —I'll see what he has to say for himself.

[Exit Dry.]

BELVILLE.

Oh, shew him up—shew the impostor up—we'll treat him as he deserves.

Sir GREGORY.

Some trick of Frankly's, I'd lay my life on't.

Enter

Enter Sir HARRY.

Sir HARRY.

I am sorry, Sir Gregory Famish, I have been so long prevented.—(*Starts at seeing Frankly, who throws himself into the same attitude.*)

Sir GREGORY.

Oh, Sir, you are come just in the right time.—(*Turning to Frankly after looking at them both.*)—Egad Sir Harry, you may well stare.—I did not think your likeness was to be found in all England.

Sir HARRY.

May I make bold to ask that gentleman's name?

Captain FRANKLY.

Sir Harry Cripplegait, of Totterdown-Hall, at your service.—Now, Sir, may I be indulged with yours?

Sir HARRY.

An impostor.—I'll be sworn that man is an impostor, Sir Gregory.

Sir GREGORY.

You see he waves the subject.—He don't like to tell his name directly—(*turning to Sir Harry*)—you do act your part incomparably to be sure, Sir—though I think you have rather outdone it—you have made yourself rather uglier than you need—you see, Sir Harry is not half so bad.

Captain FRANKLY.

Oh you flatter me, Sir Gregory—you flatter me.

Sir GREGORY. [*Afide.*]

I wish Coraly could but see them both together.

Sir HARRY.

Sir, I don't understand this usage.—Nothing but my respect for the young lady, I came to pay my addresses to, could make me endure this.—Let me speak to her.—By Dry's account she has some breeding.

Sir GREGORY.

Dry!—Ha, ha, ha, (*they all join in the laugh.*)

Sir HARRY.

Yes, Sir; he is my agent.—I suppose you are acquainted with him.—

Sir GREGORY.

His agent!—He has not much trouble with his estate I believe.

Sir HARRY, (*to Clara*)

I request, Madam, you will favor me with some explanation.—I am almost distracted with anxiety.

Captain FRANKLY.

Sir, you may spare yourself the pains of addressing that young lady—for, however enticing your present disguise may be---my original title has the precedence in her good graces.

Sir GREGORY.

Yes, yes, he has the original title; and the estate too; and if you please, we'll call in Dry, your agent, as you call him, to prove it.

BELVILLE.

No Sir, we require no proofs.

Sir HARRY.

I insist on Dry's appearing.

Sir GREGORY.

So he shall.—Egad he keeps it up.—Who waits there?

CLARA.

Sir it would be an affront to Sir Harry, to call in Dry as a witness.

Sir GREGORY.

Why should not the gentleman be indulged, my dear?

Enter a SERVANT.

Sir GREGORY.

Desire Mr. Dry to walk here—tell him his new master requires his most speedy assistance.

[Exit Servant.]

Sir HARRY.

His new Master! this is too much—he has been thirty years in my service—I can bear this insolence no longer.

Enter DRY. [Looking frightend.]

Sir GREGORY.

Oh, here comes Dry—come hither Dry—come hither; and tell us which of these two pretty faces belongs to your true and worshipful master?

D R Y.

[Looking at both] Which?

Sir

Sir GREGORY.

Ay, that's the question.—I say which?

D R Y.

Na—you want to puzzle me.—This is a trick.—

Sir HARRY.

What, you ungrateful wretch, do you disown me?

D R Y.

Me Sir!

Captain FRANKLY.

And do you disown me?

D R Y.

Not I indeed Sir.—

Sir GREGORY.

No, no; that would be quarrelling with your bread and butter.—For by your own account, Dry, Sir Harry has been an excellent master to you.

D R Y.

And I flatter myself I have been as good a Steward to him.—I am sure in the love affair, Sir Gregory, you know I have done the utmost for my master.—I have courted the lady for him.

Sir GREGORY.

Ay, and gained her for him too.—She has got quite on Sir Harry's blind side.—

Captain FRANKLY.

Dont mention it, Sir Gregory.—

Sir

Sir HARRY.

As to the folly of that old man, [*pointing to Sir Gregory*]
I am not surprized at it.—

Sir GREGORY.

Pretty impertinent that !—

Sir HARRY.

But the conduct of Dry, on this occasion, is not to be understood.—However, Sir, [*to Dry*] I dismiss you this moment from my service.

Sir GREGORY.

I begin to think his head is turned. Poor Dry !—
[*to Frankly*] Sir Harry you must take him I believe.—

Captain FRANKLY.

Yes, yes; I'll take care of Dry.

Sir GREGORY.

As for you, Sir Incognito, Knight of the Iron Mask, whoever you are, or whatever you may be, I would not give my consent to your marrying my niece, with that same crabbed obstinate temper you have shewn.

BELVILLE.

Nor I Sir, I assure you.—

CLARA.

Nor I.—

Captain FRANKLY.

Nor any of us.—

Sir HARRY.

If your niece was as beautiful as any angel, with such a temper as yours, I would not have her.

Sir

Sir GREGORY.

You are in the right of that; she would have never agreed with you.

Sir HARRY.

However as she has been the least ungentle of the family, I will save her the mortification of thinking she has lost even an old lover, by the facetious rudeness of her guardian;—For hearing a prior attachment she had, before I made my proposal, I came with a certainty of meeting a welcome from her, by resigning all my pretensions in favor of Captain Frankly, whose extreme love for her I had been made acquainted with, and whose spirited and noble character seemed a fitter candidate for youth and beauty, than age and infirmity, with all the partiality I could feel for it.

Captain FRANKLY.

Can I believe what I hear? [*aside, to Sir Harry*] I confess to you, Sir, [*speaks in his natural tone.*]

D R Y.

What, are you going to confess? [*aside to Frankly.*]

Captain FRANKLY.

I am so struck with your sense and virtue—

D R Y.

And I so thunderstruck at your folly—

Captain FRANKLY.

And so grateful to your generous sentiments in favor of Captain Frankly, that, notwithstanding the pain I feel at this discovery, I cannot help thanking you, in his proper person. [*Throws off his disguise.*]

I

D R Y;

DRY. (*Aside.*)

And who the devil will thank you?

Sir HARRY.

Is it possible!—Was Captain Frankly then my false representative?

Captain FRANKLY.

As a stratagem of war, we may be sometimes allowed to treat an enemy with disguise—but a soldier's heart scorns to use it towards a friend—as such, Sir, I cannot help considering you on this occasion. [*Goes up to Sir Harry.*]

Sir GREGORY.

And, pray, what can excuse you to me?

BELVILLE.

Come, come, my dear uncle, confess candidly that you would have acted just the same, had you been as young as Frankly, and as much in danger of losing your mistress.

Sir GREGORY. [*Aside.*]

To be sure, I would disguise myself like a young man, to gain Coraly!—Well, e'en go together!—You have been equally to blame in this affair; and are, it seems, just deserving of each other.—I say, just deserving.

Enter BLANDFORD.

BLANDFORD.

My good Sir Gregory, I know you'll excuse the hurry I have occasioned in your family.

Family, Sir! I have no family.—[*Aside.*—]—Nor ever shall now, that's clear,—But what then, Sir?

BLANDFORD.

Why, then, you will not be displeased at my hastening my happiness, in being united to the charming Coraly—every thing is already prepared.—I have only to request

L

you

you to join in witnessing the settlements I have made on the lovely girl, before our union shall be crowned.

BELVILLE. (*Aside to Clara.*)

O Clara, go to her, and help her to support this trial!

CLARA.

I will—but let not your spirits droop, my dear Henry.

[*Exit Clara.*]

Sir GREGORY.

Every thing is prepared! And pray is Coraly herself prepared for this sudden joy?—[*Aside.*—] I don't believe he has given the poor girl time to consider which of us she likes best.

BLANDFORD.

Oh, she has bless'd me with her consent, as far as her natural delicacy would allow. She is a prize superior to all my former conquests.

Sir GREGORY.

Ah! 'tis a pity you did not stay abroad to extend them a little more, for all that.—But War sits now like a justice of peace, and does nothing—nothing, I say, nothing now.

BLANDFORD.

When you see her, ornamented as she now is, in compliance with me, I expect even you will be in love with her.

Sir GREGORY.

Ay, but I had better not see her. My heart, instead of being tougher, grows rather tenderer by years.—Your old wood is always more combustible for long keeping—Eh, Sir Harry? Your old wood, I say.

BLANDFORD.

BLANDFORD.

I insist on your seeing her, Sir Gregory.—I would wish a world to be witness of my heart's triumph.

A I R.

I.

As emblems of my lovely fair,
Her grace, her shape, her modest air,
I'd seek the blushing flow'rs;
Her cheeks still purer tints disclose,
Than ever shews the op'ning rose,
Freshen'd by Summer's show'rs,

II.

Her look, so chasten'd by her fears,
She's more adorned in her tears,
Than plants by sparkling dew;
But brighter sunshines shall she prove,
With tenderest care I'll chear my love,
Fond as this bosom's true.

[*Exeunt Blandford, Belville, and Frankly.*]

D R Y.

And who is to excuse me, I wonder, at last?

Sir G R E G O R Y.

Why, I will endeavour it, and to reconcile you to your old master again.—Sir Harry, if you can excuse my not allowing you your title sooner, you will forgive the poor fellow, and stay and take share of an elegant supper I had prepared for your wedding, as I thought; but so many things fall between the cup and the lip!—Ha! Dry?

D R Y.

Ay, Sir Gregory, that has been my misfortune through life.

[*Exeunt Sir Gregory and Sir Harry.*]

So many things fall between the cup and the lip!—I never

knew an honest fellow that had not the same complaint to make.

A I R.

I.

When our mayor, Lord blefs him ! whose former delight
Was to make a day's work of being boozy at night,
Is forc'd now, e'er noon, his full quantum to sip,
Left any thing fall—'twixt the cup and the lip,
—Beware of a trip,
Left any thing, &c.

II.

In a vis-a-vis Bridget surprises the town,
Who lately in pattens could trudge up and down,
But 'twas prudent in her to lay pattens aside,
When she found by experience—she's subject to slide;
—Oh, fie on her guide!
She found, &c.

III.

Your patriots, whose feelings are wonderous nice,
And refuse ev'ry place—that is under their price,
Find this delicate conscience most ready to slip,
When the pensions escape—'twixt the cup and the lip;
—O ! it gives them the hip,
When pensions, &c,

IV.

Here am I too, who studied the comforts of life,
Having earn'd a snug farm, would possess a snug wife;
But the loss of my fame all my prospects will nip,
'Twas a trifle that fell—'twixt the cup and the lip;
—Oh ! beware of a trip,
Such trifles oft fall—'twixt the cup and the lip!

[Exit Dry.

SCENE

SCENE opens, and discovers an Apartment beautifully decorated with Lustres, &c. with a View of a Room illuminated beyond.

CORALY and CLARA discovered.

CLARA.

My dearest Coraly, for the generous Blandford's sake, try to support your spirits in this trying hour.

CORALY.

Say, it is for Belville's sake!—Remind me, that it is the greatest effort of my love for him, and I will try to be calm in giving my hand to Blandford; nay, chearful, if Henry requires it.

CLARA.

See how elegance marks every action of Blandford!—The ornamenting these apartments was as unexpected, as it is beautiful.

CORALY.

Alas, Clara! just like those blooming roses, my happiness shall quickly fade.

A I R.

I.

Thus on the shore, which Ganges laves,
A widow sad in madness raves;
Her they adorn, and deck with flow'rs,
But nought can check Grief's falling show'rs.

II.

While down her cheeks still sorrow streams,
Friends try to soothe with flatt'ring dreams;
Dreams of bliss in fancy smile,
And call her to the fun'ral pile.

III. Ah!

III.

Ah! would the pangs this bosom rend,
 Like hers in one sad effort end!
 But all the op'ning griefs I know,
 Are promises of lasting woe,

Enter BLANDFORD, BELVILLE, FRANKLY, *Sir* GRE-
 GORY, *and* *Sir* HARRY.

BLANDFORD.

Now, my beloved Coraly, the moment of my happiness approaches!—This hour too is made, if possible, more welcome by its uniting our dear Clara and Frankly.—Oh, Belville! how should I joy to see your worth rewarded by such a lovely prize as I am going to possess!

BELVILLE.

Forgive my silence, Blandford—my feelings overpower me!

BLANDFORD.

Suffer me now, dear, timid, lovely girl, to lead you to the altar.

[Takes Coraly by the hand.—Coraly is led a few steps up the Stage; she gives a loud scream, and faints.]

BLANDFORD. (*Looking anxiously at Belville.*)

What can this mean?—Oh, my friend, what have you concealed from me!—What cruelty was I going to commit!—Speak, my lovely Coraly!—I am not cruel, I am not unjust. I only wish your happiness. Oh, Belville! am I no more the partner of your thoughts! Unfold your heart to me.—I apprehend it all.—That innocent creature could not see you, be witness of your constant virtues, without loving you.—But you have condemned her to silence!

BELVILLE.

B E L V I L L E.

I confess it all.—I have unwillingly destroyed your happiness, my own, and hers, for ever. But I swear to you, Blandford! by the sacred ties of friendship, which I have seemed to violate——

B L A N D F O R D.

Leave all protestations, Belville; they are an insult to us both.—Could I suspect you of so shameful a perfidy; trust me, my friend, you should not again be folded in these arms.

[Embraces him.]

B E L V I L L E.

This generous kindness soothes the distraction of my mind. My only crime has been presumptuous confidence in myself, and I feel my punishment. I have the misfortune of having deprived you of a treasure, but it shall not be for the enriching myself.

B L A N D F O R D.

Is it thus you reply to the sincere warmth I have shewn?—Coraly shall not be mine, because her heart looks not to me for happiness.—On you it leans, and you shall be its support.

C O R A L Y.

Dear, generous Blandford! will you then allow Henry to own his love?—and shall our hearts be for ever united?

B L A N D F O R D. *[Raising her]*

Yes, dearest Coraly—nor shall your happiness be delayed.—The articles prepared for our marriage, shall remain, the names only shall be altered. The settlement I made on Coraly, as her husband, I now make in the character of her friend.—Belville, do not distress me by an humiliating refusal.

B E L-

B E L V I L L E.

I am overcome—but not surprized, Blandford, at the noble disinterestedness of your whole conduct.—I can only bow before it, and reverence it in silence:

Sir G R E G O R Y.

Egad I'm sorry I did not put in my claim at first.—If Blandford had known how fondly I loved her, he would have given her up to me at once.

F I N A L E.

C L A R A.

By generous Friendship's magic spell,
What sudden joys arise;
It can each gloomy cloud dispel,
And chase both tears and sighs,

C H O R U S.

Then Friendship hail, delightful power!
Thy smiles be ever o'er us!
With brighter sun-shine gild each hour.
That glides so swift before us.

B E L V I L L E.

What tho' the heart by grief oppress'd,
Still welcome friendship seems,
When most depriv'd of peace and rest,
To lend its bright'ning gleams.

C H O R U S,

Then Friendship, &c.

FRANKLY. . .

When all his pains and hazards past,
The Lover gains his prize,
Then dawning transport lights his breast,
Like rays in clearing skies.

C H O R U S.

Then Friendship, &c.

Sir G R E G O R Y.

What tho' the board with plenty crown'd,
And Dainties wondrous rare,
If Jovial Friends smile not around,
How flat does all appear!

C H O R U S.

Then Friendship, &c.

C O R A L Y.

To charm such generous friends as these,
What joy it gives the heart,
Each toil puts on a face of ease,
When you your smiles impart.

C H O R U S.

Then Friendship, hail, &c.

F I N I S.

THE UNIVERSITY OF

When all the world is in a rage,
The first step is to be
Then having nothing to do but
Like a man in a fighting mood

CHORUS

THE UNIVERSITY OF



THE UNIVERSITY OF

CHORUS

To show each person his own part
When joy it gives the heart
Each tell here on a face of
Which you your friends should

CHORUS

(Then thinking, all, all)

CHORUS